7 SONGS

of

WILLIAM BLAKE

Set to

MUSIC

by

HELEN C. HOWARTH

I.

No 1. The Piper
" 2. Cradle Song
" 3. The Blossom
" 4. A Song

II.

5. The Shepherd
6. The Lamb
7. The Black Boy

Price each Volume 2/0 net

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MUSIC
465.8929
WMC
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To my Sons.

Nº 1. The Piper.

H. C. Howarth.

Allegro moderato.

f *mf* *tr* *pp*

p *p e leggiero*

Pi - ping down the val - leys wild, Pi - ping songs of plea - sant glee,

poco rall. **tempo**

On a cloud I saw a child And he laughing said to me: "Pipe a song a -

poco rall. **tempo**

p *f*

bout a lamb!" So I piped with mer - ry cheer. "Pi - per, pipe that song a - gain;"

p *f*

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Più lento. Tempo I.

p *mf*

So I piped: he wept to hear. "Pi-per, sit thee down and write In a book that

Più lento. Tempo I.

p *mf*

all may read." So he va-nished from my sight; And I took a hol-low reed,

mf *p*

And I made a ru-ral pen, And I stained the wa-ter clear, And I wrote my

tr *tr* *mf*

ad lib. *rall.* Allegro.

happy songs Every child my joy to hear.

rall. Allegro.

suivez *tr* *p* *pp*

Nº 2. Cradle Song.

H. C. Howarth.

Moderato assai.

beams! Sweet sleep with soft down_ Weave thy brows an in-fant

crown!_ Sweet sleep, An-gel mild Hov-er o'er my

hap - py child! Sleep, sleep,_ hap-py child! All cre-

a - tion slept and smiled. Sleep, sleep, hap-py sleep_

While o'er thee doth mo_ther weep. Sweet babe, in thy

face— Ho_ly i - mage I can trace;— Sweet babe, once like

thee,— thy ma_ker lay, and wept for me:—

Wept for me, for thee, for all, When He was an In_fant

small. Thou His i - mage e-ver see,— Heavenly face that smile on

thee! Smiles on thee, on me, on all, Who be - came an in-fant

small; In-fant smiles are His own smiles: Heaven and

poco rall. tempo

earth— to peace be - guiles.———

poco rall. tempo

Nº 3. The Blossom.

H. C. Howarth.

Poco allegro.

Poco allegro. *rall.*

pp *f*

tempo

mf

Mer - ry, mer - ry spar - row! Un - der leaves so green A

tempo

mf

En récit.

hap-py blossom sees you, swift as ar-row, Seek your cra - dle

L.H.

Suivez

rall. **tempo**

p

nar - row near my bo - som Pret - ty, pret - ty ro - bin!

rall. **tempo**

p

Un - der leaves so green A hap - py blossom hears you sob - bing, sob - bing

rall.

pp

Tempo più lento.

p

Pret - ty, pret - ty ro - bin, Near my bo - som.

Tempo più lento.

p

Nº 4. A Song.

H. C. Howarth.

Moderato assai.

Moderato assai.

p

p

How sweet I roamed from field_ to field, And

tast - - ed all the sum_mer's pride, Till

p

I___ the Prince of Love_ be - held Who in the sun-ny beams did

glide. He showed me li - lies for___ my hair, And

blush-ing ro-ses for_ my_ brow: He led_ me through his

gar - dens fair Where all___ his gol-den plea-sures grow. With

sweet May - dews my wings were wet, and Phoe - bus

fired, and Phoe - bus fired my vo - cal rage; He caught —— me

in his sil - ken net, And shut me in his gold - - - en

cage.

tempo

p

He

tempo

pp

loves to sit and hear me sing, Then

laugh - ing, sports and plays with me; Then

stretch - es out my gold - en wing. And mocks my

loss of li - ber - ty.